



TO THINK OWN SELF BE TRUE AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN.

BY JAYNES, SHELOR, SMITH & STECK.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, JUNE 2, 1898.

NEW SERIES, NO. 9.—VOLUME XLIX.—NO. 22.

Col. Ray's Crack Regiment.

WASHINGTON, May 28.—Mr. Frank Frost, after several visits to the War Department with Col. Elliott, left for Charleston this afternoon, with full authority to raise a battalion for Col. Ray's regiment. He will at once open an office at Charleston for this purpose, and will be glad to hear from persons wishing to raise companies. The companies will select their own officers.

Col. Ray is an experienced officer, and lately greatly distinguished himself while serving in Alaska. He is a splendid looking soldier, and it is believed his regiment will be one of the finest in the service. He is the senior of all the ten colonels. He is having the right by seniority to select the States from which to raise his regiment, and complimented South Carolina by taking her with Georgia and Florida. Georgia, it is said to-day, has already offered eight companies, and the South Carolinians who want to get into this crack regiment must stir their stumps. Companies will be inspected and mustered into the service where raised, thus saving much trouble and worry.

She—"You say I am the first girl you ever made love to, but your manner indicates that you have had experience."

He—"Please explain how you know."

After he had gone she was almost tempted to jab herself with her hat pin.

GOING.
A. K. HAWKES,
The Famous Atlanta Optician.

DIRECT from the home office of this Great Optical House, or one of his Practical Opticians, and will remain at the Store of his Agent at Seneca, W. J. Lunney, two days, June 2d and 4th, and at Walhalla, S. C., three days, June 6th, 7th and 8th. This will give the citizens of Seneca, Walhalla and vicinity an opportunity of having their

EYESIGHT TESTED FREE

by one of the most renowned and successful as well as reliable Opticians in the United States. Mr. Hawkes has the modern appliances for scientific adjustment of glasses to the eye. There is no Optician in the United States who enjoys the confidence of the people more than Mr. Hawkes. His name is a familiar word throughout a section of country inhabited by over twenty-five millions of people. Mr. Hawkes has probably adjusted glasses to the eyes of more people of national and international fame than any other Optician living. This firm was established in 1870.

EYE STRAIN

is often the cause of headache, dizziness, nervousness and dimness of vision. This can be cured in many cases by the correct fitting of his Crystalized Lenses to the eye. Call early, he positively remains but a few days, as he has other engagements for later days.

CAUTION.—I would caution the public against buying spectacles from peddlers, going from house to house with a lot of Spectacles, representing them to be Hawkes's, or selling the same grade of goods. Hawkes's Spectacles are NEVER peddled. Many of the inferior glasses that flood the market are positively injurious to the eye.

THE GREAT WARRIOR AND STATESMAN.
Mr. A. K. Hawkes—Dear Sir: When I require the use of glasses I wear your Pantoscopic Crystalized Lenses. In respect to brilliancy and clearness of vision they are superior to any glasses I have ever used. Respectfully,
FREDERICK LEE,
Consul General to Cuba.

ONE OF OUR GREATEST STATESMEN.
Mr. A. K. Hawkes—Dear Sir: The Pantoscopic Glasses you furnished me some time since have given excellent satisfaction. I have tested them by me, and must say they are unsurpassed in clearness and brilliancy by any that I have ever worn. Respectfully,
GEN. JOHN R. FORTSON,
Ex-Governor of Georgia.

A. K. Hawkes

—RECEIVED—

GOLD MEDAL

HIGHEST AWARD DIPLOMA OF HONOR

For Superior Lens Grinding and Excellence in the Manufacture of Spectacles and Eye Glasses. Sold in 11,000 Cities and Towns in the United States. Most Popular Glasses in the United States. ESTABLISHED IN 1870.

CAUTION! THESE FAMOUS GLASSES ARE NEVER PEDDLED.

WAIT FOR HAWKES

and not only get Glasses scientifically adjusted to your eyes, but secure a pair of his "Crystalized Lenses, the most brilliant Spectacle Lenses in existence."

A. K. HAWKES,

Inventor and Sole P.rietor of all the Hawkes Patents.

May 29, 1898.

WATTERSON TO THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Famous Editor Delivers an Address at Camp Bradley.

LEXINGTON, Ky., May 27.—Hon. Henry Watterson, of Louisville, the famous editor and orator, addressed the Kentucky volunteers at Camp Bradley to-day:

Mr. Watterson said in part: "You are about to make history. It may prove that this will not be history merely repented of itself. For the first time since the crusades war has been levied for no cause of a purely material kind, and with no selfish purpose. I scarcely like the shibboleth, 'Remember the Maine.' It seems to me to be too revengeful to be quite worthy. I do not forget the circumstances to which it owes its origin. The scenes of that awful tragedy under the shadow of Morro Castle are yet before my eyes. I can see, as I close them, the faces of our murdered sailors and the ghastliness of death upon them. But I also see the myriads of starving men, women and children ruthlessly sacrificed to feed the lust and to fill the pockets of professional plunderers masquerading in Cuba as Spanish officers and gentlemen."

"Behind them I see three centuries of wanton pillage, of frightful corruption, of cruelty unsurpassed in human annals. The time was long ago come for some great power to stretch forth its hand, to interpose its authority to say to the world, 'This barbarism shall proceed no further.' What power except that of the United States to do this? Cuba is our next door neighbor. Time out of mind these atrocities have been perpetrated before our eyes. Whilst Spain has required us to spend millions of money policing our coasts against the filibusters she has shown herself unable, or unwilling, in our protection, to police one of her own harbors. Was this to go on forever? You yourselves are the answer to the question."

"You are going to fight a battle waged by man for man. You are going therefore in the name of that Christian who died for men. You are going to fight a battle for the glory of God and your native land. You are going, therefore, under a flag, which, the symbol at once of freedom and humanity, and having God's blessing upon it, has never yet known defeat. Look to it that you carry yourselves as soldiers equally of the Cross and of the flag."

"No man can be a good soldier who is not at heart a good man. Self-possession in the presence of danger is the truest courage, and he is the bravest soldier who keeps his head, who knows perfectly the right thing to do, and who does it, when, frightened out of his boots, his legs would fail him away. It is the sense of duty which will make you men; duty to the flag above you; duty to constituted authority; duty to country and honor, and to these dear ones at home who will follow you with ever fearful but with ever brightening eyes."

THIS IS A JUST WAR.

"I believe in this war. I believe with all my mind and all my soul, if ever there was a justified war it is this. Though it should rob me of lives that are dearer to me than my own life, I shall believe it conserved in a holy spirit, sanctified by heaven and directed toward the advancement and the enlargement of a benign civilization."

"In these warlike spectacles everywhere manifested it has already united us as nothing else could have united—emancipating both sections of the Union from the mistaken impression that we ever were or ever could be anything else than one people. In the brilliant achievement of that typical Green mountain boy on the other side of the globe, it has already exploited us as a naval power and, as you yourselves shall show, it will presently demonstrate us as a military power, before whose legions the enemies of liberty and humanity will do well to look before they leap. Surely these were consummations devoutly to be wished. They are worth all the war has cost or will cost us. I know what war means."

"Obedience, submission, is the first and, perhaps, the hardest of the soldier's duties. If officers see a capricious and tyrannical, do your duty. It will come round all right. If the powers that be seem partisan or unfair, do your duty. The end will justify you. Be sure that, in the long run, the man who does his duty passes beyond the reach of wrong, for, as there is a God who smiteth, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay,' so the people, whose voice is the voice of God, who will visit upon those that

would convert the places of trust which they chance to hold into places of private or political advantage, a punishment as complete as it is certain, as blighting as it is overwhelming."

DUTY OF A SOLDIER.

"In the nature of the case, but few of you can hope to attain to great commands or to acquire exceptional distinction. In the end most of you must lay aside your uniforms and resume the habiliments of civil life. But there is no one of you who cannot do his duty, and, doing his duty, cannot be proud and happy. A neighbor of mine came to me, the other day, to ask me to exert my supposed influence in getting his son a commission. I assured him that I have no influence. But, said I, I have two sons carrying muskets in the ranks—sons whom I dearly love—but for whose advancement I shall not put forth the slightest effort. It is enough for me to know that they are serving their country, and if it pleases God to bring them back to their mother and me safe and sound I shall bless His name as long as I live."

"In that prayer let me include each and every one of you though I would rather see my boys and each and every one of you lying by the side of that brave and lovely sailor lad whom North Carolina has just given up as Heaven's first sacrifice upon the altars of the nation and mankind, than that one feather should be plucked from the eagle's wing, or a syllable of reproach be justly cast upon the name and fame of our dear Kentucky."

THE SURE LA GUERRE CURE.

There is no suffering from this dreadful malady if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pains all through your body; your digestion is out of order; have no appetite; no life or ambition; have a bad cold; in fact, are completely used up. Kleister Bitters is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your liver, stomach and kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new man. You can get Kleister Bitters at J. W. Bell's, Walhalla, W. J. Lunney's, Seneca, and H. B. Zimmerman's, Westminster, drug stores. Only 50 cents per bottle.

The Cost of War.

Mr. F. H. Roberts, one of the leading officials in the treasury department of the Federal Government, has recently compiled some interesting figures showing the immense burdens which past wars have entailed upon the taxpayers of the United States.

Beginning with the war of 1812-15 he shows that the round sum of \$102,993,153 was expended in that struggle. Considering the primitive methods of warfare which prevailed in the early part of the century and considering the comparatively small extent of the country's population, it seems that the cost of the war was large enough. In detail, Mr. Roberts cites the following table:

1812-15	\$102,993,153 00
1846-48	28,082,300 92
1848-50	30,127,686 38
1850-52	20,053,571 00

Total.....\$161,173,030 92

Coming down to the war with Mexico, which was fought some thirty years later, Mr. Roberts shows that the cost of this struggle aggregated only \$129,478,383. In view of the increase in wealth and population which the country had experienced in the meantime, the per capita cost of the war with Mexico was considerably less than the per capita cost of the preceding war. In detail, the figures given by Mr. Roberts are as follows:

1847-48	\$26,418,450 50
1848-49	60,041,575 56
1849-50	31,283,679 14
1850-52	1,217,701,199 28

Total.....\$1,295,473,350 79

If we desire to avoid the burden of heavy expense in the present war we should avoid the policy of delay which the board of strategy in Washington has been exercising for the past few weeks. We should lose no time in getting down to business. This is the policy of mercy as well as the policy of economy.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Change of Spirit in Spain.

"THE DOMINANT NOTE OF PUBLIC OPINION" IS A WISH FOR PEACE.

LONDON, May 28.—The Madrid correspondent of the Times says: "The dominant note of public opinion here is a desire to find some way to honorable peace, as Spain has nothing to gain by an indefinite prolongation of hostilities. All idea that France will intervene, however, is now abandoned, and hopes are fixed upon the possibility that Duke Almodovar De Rio, the new Minister of Foreign Affairs, will find some fitting occasion on which to take the initiative."

THE MAIL CONFIRMS THE NEWS.

LONDON, May 28.—The Madrid correspondent of the Daily Mail says: "The political outlook is brighter, and it is believed that a Cabinet crisis can be avoided. Capt. Anon, Minister of Marine, declared in the Cortes to-day that when an opportunity presented itself the Cabinet would not fail to do its best to bring about an honorable peace."

Chicamauga.

The Chicamauga National Park begins nine miles from Chattanooga. Fine macadam roads shoot to it and curve within it taking the course of the primitive highways of 1863. The park is a real one; underbrush has been cleared away and the many square miles of the bloodiest battlefields of modern times smile like the sleek preserves of a dual estate. Where 120,000 men grappled for days and 35,000 responded no more to the roll call, cattle browse peacefully and the wheelman rests in the shade. On Snodgrass Hill white-headed children look from the house where Thomas rested and plucked the apples from the slope where Kershaw charged. But there is one reminder of war. Monuments—monuments that gleam in granite and glisten in bronze; monuments in parks of artillery, making the places of their prototypes of a third of a century ago; monuments in pyramids of cannon balls, telling where generals fell; monuments in other cannon balls bedded in the trees that have drunk the blood of the brave. Eight hundred or more monuments—and nearly all Northern! Every Federal regiment seems to have one. They stretch in curved lines, conforming to the lines of the Federals, so close together in places that from the base of one the inscriptions on the next may be deciphered. Soldier in bronze, snatching the colors from falling comrades; soldiers in bronze aiming from behind the logs of their defenses; sandstone piles from Indiana, grey granite from Ohio, like memorials of home from Michigan, Wisconsin, and all the States of the West. All ranged there, telling their story to the ages—but before them nothing! Nothing to show that the stands they made were made in retreat; nothing to show that from the corpses, across the glades, in the woodlands yonder, there came the thin gray lines that bore them back and occupied all this ground, so gory and so famous! Nothing but some iron plates erected by the government, inscribed from the Northern standpoint, telling of Northern gallantry, the Northern losses, but only so much of the Confederates as is needed to honor their foes. Such a plate marks the slope where Kershaw's brigade charged up Snodgrass Hill and captured a battery—but as yet the State has placed no memorial on the field. Why talk of school histories while the most gallant deeds of our men are unmarked on the very scenes of their sacrifice, the maps where alone the people of the future may read understandingly the story of their comrades!

And now the peaceful scene is changed

Upon this field, so famed in story, From North and South armed ranks are ranged.

Eager for battle and for glory; But now united forth they go Beneath one flag to face the foe.

Oh, Chicamauga! Field of Blood!

Change now the cypress to a laurel! For hosts that surge like a hood Unstained will leave thee in this quarrel.

Old heroes are dead and love holds sway, Now God of Battles! point our way."

HOW'S THIS?

We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WEST & TRUNK, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNEY & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Miss Willard's Rules.

The following are the "Golden Rules of Health," established by her father, which Miss Willard followed in her girlhood:

"Simple food, mostly of vegetables, fish and fowls.

"Plenty of sleep, with very early hours for retiring.

"Flannel clothing next to the skin all the year round; feet kept warm, head cool and nothing worn tight.

"Just as much exercise as possible, only let fresh air and sunshine go together.

"No tea or coffee for the children, no alcoholic drink or tobacco for anybody.

"Tell the truth and mind your parents."

PISO'S CURE FOR

GUINNESS ALL LIVER FAILS

Best Food for the Sick. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

Use for Athletics in Central Africa.

[From The Atlanta Journal.]

DOMBI, WISSMANN FALLS, LUERO, KASSAI, CONGO, AFRICA.—The abuse of athletic sports in our American colleges has caused a reaction against them, which I hope will not go too far. I give an example. A savage nearly killed me yesterday, but I saved myself by the knowledge of a trick or two.

You have heard of the slave trade. Here we are in a thick of it. It is indescribably mean—all the attendant horrors of which you have read are true. The eating of slaves still goes on, and there have been thousands killed as sacrificial offerings this last year. One of the commonest avenues of this slave business is this: A trader gives his men cloth to buy ivory and rubber with. The men go and trade in slaves with the stuff and make a good commission by the time they turn in the ivory or rubber. This practice is illegal and the source of many riots and disturbances in the villages. The trader's men take the advantage of the fact that they are "white folks" to intimidate the natives. In my absence from my station, Dombi, on Wissmann Falls, one of our colored missionaries, Mr. Phipps, a West Indian, had to go up to the town and forcibly release a girl who had been stolen by one of these rascally fellows of the traders and was bound hand and foot and tied up. Of course her release made the rascal mad, and he was nursing his wrath when I returned.

Yesterday afternoon there was a marriage feast in the town. It was celebrated very much as the "wedding and cake-walk" are in Dixie. As I passed I saw, however, that the "crazed" was there, too, and likely to create trouble. One of the trader's men had stolen corn, and was now trying to kill the owner with a long knife. Some natives rushed up and leveled their guns at him. Knowing that the first shot would precipitate a bloody riot, I rushed in and stopped the natives, but the trader's rascal would not stop. Evidently his blood was up. He made another rush at the natives. I yelled to him to put down his knife, and made a dash to stop him. He then turned on me. Several weeks before, this fellow and several others had drawn their knives on their master, the agent of the S. A. B., and made him run. I suppose he thought he would do the same thing for me. His master was at Lucho, 60 miles away. But as he came I dodged and caught his wrist and then the blade of the knife in my naked hand so firmly it did not turn, and then as quick as I knew it was needed let him have it between his eyes so heavily that his face was covered with blood in an instant. All the people then came running up and he ran. I then walked down the path towards our place, throwing his knife away. It had not cut me, but it was wonderful that it did not.

Imagine my surprise at seeing him come again with an immense stick and stand directly in the path in a most threatening attitude and with murder in his eye. My people would have killed him in a jiffy, but I stopped them, thinking to teach the fellow a lesson he would not soon forget. I am not a very large man, only about 5 feet 7 inches, and 150 pounds. This savage was about 6 feet and big all around. Please, however, don't accuse me of boasting. I am only encouraging legitimate athletics. Keeping a close eye on him, I moved right up in front of him. Had I wavered he would have cracked my skull in an instant, I believe, but the "blue eye" of a white man is full of unknown terrors to these people. Soon as I was within reach and too close for him to use his long stick (that is a point, you see), I made a heavy "football" lunge at him, and quicker than I can write it, got his neck between my legs in a vice, and he could not squirm. Then I called to my people to get some sticks and wear him out; and they did. He won't forget that grip and chastisement until he dies; and I doubt whether he ever draws his knife on another white man.

This may not be a very "missionary writing," but I do not care. The natives got to saying that because we had not been fighting and killing like the that State we were women and dared not fight. I thought it time to show them otherwise; and while there was no killing, I held up my hand after it and pointed to a knot between the fellow's eyes as big as an orange, and asked them: "Is this a woman's hand?"

Boy's don't give athletics too soon; there's no telling when they may come in very conveniently.

This is a most wonderful country.

There are mountains immediately around us. The great Kassi (the chief of Congo) is a few hours east. A magnificent plain extends from the base of the mountains, dotted with palms and luxuriant vegetation. Elephants are near, hippopotami in the river, lions not far south. Leopards are uncomfortably numerous, and I eat wild boar not less often than once a week. I doubt whether there is a more magnificent country in Africa. The river is bordered by an immense forest. There are in this town representatives of nearly every tribe for many hundreds of miles, governed by a chieftain of the Bakuba, Combi. The Bakuba are inferior to no tribe which I have seen, read or heard of. The man I chastised was not of the Bakuba.

I preach to hundreds regularly. The African is something in him. Certainly he is not the American Indian. He has a definite place in the coming laboring or industrial class. Let us be neither visionary or scornful. The African can help us, and sadly needs our help for him.

S. P. VERNER.

Two Millions a Year.

When people buy, try and buy again it means they're satisfied. The people of the United States are now buying Cascarels Candy Cathartic at the rate of two million boxes a year and it will be three million before New Year's. It means merit proved that Cascarels are the most delightful bowel regulator for everybody the year round. All druggists. 10c., 25c., 50c. a box. Cure guaranteed.

Do We Know How We Look to Others.

It has been said by one who ought to know that no man has any clear conception of how he looks. The expression of the face is continually changing. When you look in the glass, the very intent to find out how you look is depicted on your face. The more you strive the more the intent is intensified, and such an expression is not natural to your face. How often do we look at a photograph and find only disappointment in it! Why is this? The camera depicts the setter just as he is at the moment the picture is taken, but very seldom can the instrument catch and record that subtle thing called "natural expression," because few persons are natural when seated before the camera.

Well, what of this? Simply this: If you are noble, loving and true, such virtues will light up your face; if you are sordid, mean and selfish, your face proclaims it to the world. Anything in your face that is active for good or evil will impress itself upon your personal appearance. Pride, scorn, hate and vice write themselves indelibly in the physiognomy. When such ignoble qualities rule the life, and have become habitual, they are impressed on the face, and finally become habitual to the countenance, and the features themselves become permanently changed to accord with such expressions.

It has often been remarked that persons who have been married for a long term of years come to look something alike, nor is this surprising when we call to mind that their life and environment are one, made up of the same joys and sorrows, the same hardships and trials, and the same successes and pleasures; in short, the intellectual and spiritual atmosphere of both are to a considerable extent identical, and we know that these things affect the physiognomy often to such a degree as to mold the physical features of the face into same shape.—The Ledger.

The Confederate Veteran, edited by Mr. S. A. Cunningham, of Nashville, contains in its last issue some interesting figures on the fatalities of war. We quote some of them in this connection: The civil war cost 393,000 lives. Of this number 98,089 were slain in battle, the vast army which succumbed to the battle loss. There were 294,911 deaths from disease. Of these 20,000 or so died of wounds received at the battle of Waterloo. 20,000 men were killed or disabled. There were 145,000 soldiers in that great struggle and it was estimated that one man was either killed or disabled for every 400 shots fired, counting both the artillery and rifle shots. In the Civil war 95,615 lives were sacrificed; and in the Russo-Japanese war the French and Russians fought, 78,000 men were left dead on the battlefield. The soldiers were 250,000 troops in combat in that engagement. Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Russo-Japanese war, 4,000,000,000 men have been slain in battle. At Cannae where the Romans suffered the worst defeat in their history, it is said that 52,000 of their soldiers were slain. The Roman army in that battle consisted of 146,000 men, the picked brawn and sinew of the empire. In the Franco-Prussian war 77,000 Frenchmen were killed. The Germans fired 30,000,000 rifle shots, and 303,000 artillery discharges. In none of the battles mentioned was dynamite used. Only recently has the use of dynamite in land warfare been considered safe for the army using it. Men who have studied the mortality statistics of the past shudder at the thought of what may be in store in the wars that are to come. Dynamite is a new element in warfare. The fearful explosive has been used in Cuba, but only by the insurgents.

How a Steer Voted.

Elbert County, Georgia, enjoys the distinction of being the only county in the United States where a steer ever voted. And it is an actual fact, too. Here is how it occurred as told by the editor of the Piedmont Headlight:

At the close of the war, when the South was under military despotism, and Federal troops guarded our ballot box, a white Republican registration officer from another county came over to Elberton to enroll voters. The negroes turned out in force to register, and for several days the work went bravely on. At that time there lived in Elberton and the surrounding country a band of young Democrats who looked upon this new political innovation with anything but condonation. Among the crowd were Tuz Tate, Buddy Martin, Eugene and Henry Heard, Babe and Asbury Tate, Tom Swift, Mac Arnold and others, who banded together to see what they could do toward saving the country from negro domination. They were all utterly fearless boys and would fight at the drop of a hat.

One day, during the registration proceedings, the boys congregated in town and held a conference. Soon Tuz Tate was seen to approach the Federal registration officer, leading an old spotted steer by a halter, and, stopping at the window, deliberately took a pistol from each boot leg and laid them on the sill with the remark:

"Here is a gentleman who desires to register, and I want you to enroll his name darn quick, or there will be trouble, and a heap of it."

The frightened officer looked up, and seeing no object before him but the steer and two pistols, with a string of determined looking boys in the rear, replied:

"Lense let the party step to the front and answer the legal questions."

"The gentleman has already stepped to the front," answered Tuz.

"Here he is," pointing to the steer, "and his name is Buck Tate. You have been for two days registering corn-field niggers as voters, and old Buck here has as much right to vote as any of them, and we are determined that he shall vote, too. Now, are you going to register Buck Tate or not? Answer, and that's blamed quick."

The officer looked first at Tuz and then at those pistols, and stammered out something about the law and the qualifications of voters. But Tuz was not to be circumvented. Taking up one of those pistols, and deliberately cocking the same, he drew out his watch, with the statement:

"I didn't come here to haggle with you, and I will just give you one minute, by this here time-piece, to register Buck Tate, and if you don't do so I'll send a ball through your miserable scallawag carcass. I mean business, for I'm Buck's friend, and intend to see that he gets his rights."

The officer had been warned of those Elberton boys, and so registered Buck Tate, and his name was duly printed among the list of legal voters from Elbert county.

The following fall another officer came to attend the election, when Tuz Tate again led old Buck to the ballot-box and insisted upon his voting, as he was registered, emphasizing his demand with that pistol argument. Buck not only voted at that election, but continued to vote at every election so long as the Republican party dominated Georgia, and he always polled a straight Democratic ticket.

This is an actual fact, and shows the kind of stuff those Elbert county boys are made of.

Tuz Tate is now living in Augusta, while most of the other boys who figured in that escapade are now leading members of the church and try to forget their wild and patriotic young days.

When South Carolina was making an effort to throw off the yoke of Radical rule it was the Elbert county boys who so valiantly came to the rescue of our people, and not only kept in subjection the negroes and their white allies, but helped to swell the Democratic majority by voting early and often.

A Sure Thing for You.

A transaction in which you cannot lose is a sure thing. Biliousness, sick headache, furred tongue, fever, piles and a thousand other ills are caused by constipation and sluggish liver. Cascarels Candy Cathartic, the wonderful new liver stimulant and intestinal tonic are by all druggists guaranteed to cure or money refunded. C. C. C. are a sure thing. Try a box to-day; 10c., 25c., 50c. Sample and booklet free. All druggists.

Words are not arrows, but they fly farther.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

Big Guns of Our Navy.

Some idea of the execution of the big guns of the navy and the accuracy of their aim may be gained from a recent report of a target practice. The gun used was thirty-five foot long and weighed sixty-five tons. The bullet was a projectile three feet long, weighing one thousand pounds, and the charge was one hundred and thirty pounds of smokeless powder, each grain more than two inches long. The gun cost \$60,000, and each discharge costs \$150. So terrific is the concussion when such a gun is fired that often windows are smashed one thousand feet away and sometimes the sashes are thrown out. The charge exerted a pressure of nearly 30,000 pounds to the square inch and gave the ball a velocity of more than 2,000 feet a second. The officer wishes to increase the speed of the shot to 2,250 feet a second, and the record showed that after the projectile had receded four miles to sea its speed was just three feet a second faster than was calculated. Eight shells out of twelve were sent through armor-plate within a chalk circle of a foot and half 2,500 yards away. One of these big guns may be fired about 300 times before it becomes "dead." As each projectile travels along the barrel of the gun just one-tenth of a second, the life of actual use is but thirty seconds. The officers can quickly determine accurately the range and distance by means of a telemeter. The firing of one of these big guns is a matter of science and skill. These facts help us to understand the effective work done by our guns at Manila and on the coast of Cuba last week.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Thankful words written by Mrs. Ada K. Hart, of Wroton, S. D.: "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; caught set in and finally terminated in consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time. I gave myself up to my Saviour, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. I gave it a trial; took in all eight bottles. It has cured me, and thank God I am saved and now I am a happy woman. Trial bottles free at J. W. Bell's, Walhalla; W. J. Lunney's, Seneca; H. B. Zimmerman's, Westminster, drug stores. Regular size 50 cents